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The Shape of Things

THE DANGER OF A CLASH IN THE PACIFIC has been magnified in the past week by increased Japanese pressure on Thailand. Alarmed by the growing tenseness of the situation, Prime Minister Menzies canceled his tour of West Australia in order to return to the capital for an emergency cabinet meeting. Ignoring a promise made to the Japanese people three years ago, the Tokyo government has invoked the full provisions of the general mobilization act, bringing Japanese economy completely under military control. Encouraged by promises of British, Australian, and American assistance, Thailand appears to be offering stiff resistance to Japan's demands for a "joint-defense" pact along the lines of that recently imposed upon French Indo-China. Although the United States has declared that it would aid Thailand in case of a Japanese attack, the extent and nature of our assistance have not been made clear. Accustomed to finding our bark worse than our bite, Japan may yet decide to risk this one additional conquest before a stiffening of our policy makes further Japanese adventures impossible. But Kaname Wakasugi, adviser to Ambassador Nomura, in an astonishing statement telephoned from Los Angeles to the newspaper *Nichi Nichi,* warned his people that the government in Washington, "while desirous of maintaining amity with Japan," was determined to meet action with action. We hope Mr. Wakasugi can be safely accepted as a spokesman of the State Department as well as of the Japanese embassy.

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THE CLAIM OF THE NAZIS THAT THEY ARE closing in on Odessa and the Ukraine appears to be correct, since even Moscow admits the danger; but up to now the boasts of the D. N. B. in general and Hitler's special communiqués in particular have been about as convincing as the "ring-tailed roarers" our ancestors indulged in. Those tall tales often began, like Hitler's bulletins, with the solemn assurance that the relator was "sticking to the principle of unconditional truth," and many of them, you will remember, described heroic encounters with a bear. In this case the bear can talk back, and while we have no great faith in Soviet statements, the

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fact that Moscow wants help from Britain and the United States and that this help would not be hastened by exaggerated reports of Soviet successes in holding off the Nazis argues for their relative reliability. Then there are other factors. A Russian air force that has been destroyed even once cannot send raiders to Berlin; and there is considerable evidence that the Russian guerrillas in those endless German encirclements have more than once encircled the encirclers. The third Nazi offensive may fulfil all the claims in advance emanating from Berlin, but so far Hitler's fantastic reports and the sad complaints that the Russians' "scorched-earth" policy is contrary to international law suggest that the Führer has caught a bear all right—by the tail.

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THE SPEECH BY DR. NEGRIN PRINTED ON page 139 of this issue deserves careful reading. It is not only a magnanimous and moving appeal; it is also a political act of great significance. The Loyalist Prime Minister obviously believes that the hour has almost arrived when Franco, forced into full, open alliance with Hitler, will forfeit the last shreds of British and American support; and he is preparing the rank and file of Republican émigrés for that hour. His speech is both a warning and a promise. His appeal for unity among all political elements in the emigration is the act of a statesman who realizes that the time for factional differences is past and who courageously adopts the role of national leader for the conflict he sees opening ahead. Negrín would not make such a statement merely as a gesture. He has kept silent since the war began, biding his time while even Churchill played the futile game of bribery and appeasement with Franco. That he has spoken now means that he has good reason to speak. His address reached us by air mail, and its appearance in *The Nation* is its first publication in America; it should be widely reprinted.

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FRESH DISCLOSURES OF NAZI ACTIVITIES IN Latin America continued to appear throughout the whole of last week. In Chile six prominent pro-Axis leaders, some of them Germans, were arrested in the lake district of the south charged with being members of an illegal military organization. A quantity of arms was seized, along with swastika badges and documents. The Argentine police have made a number of new raids on pro-Nazi groups, seizing a large amount of propaganda material. Additional raids have also occurred in Cuba, where the police have begun rounding up Japanese, German, and Phalangist agents. Brazil has taken steps to subdue German influence in the schools. A dispatch to the New York *Times* indicates that fifth-column activities are particularly serious in Panama. Powerful, well-organized German, Italian, Spanish, and Japanese groups are carrying on propaganda and spying in the areas bordering the Canal Zone. Although the American authorities are aware of these under-cover activities, they have been powerless to stop them under peace-time regulations. However, the awakening of the Latin American peoples to the Axis threat will make our task of organizing hemisphere defense much easier.

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S ORDER CURBING instalment buying is an important and necessary step in the direction of checking the inflationary trend of the past few months. During the past year the cost of living has gone up 3.7 per cent. Under the pressure of intensified defense spending, the rise was bound to be ever more rapid in ensuing months. Elsewhere in this issue we discuss the importance of increasing taxes as an anti-inflation measure. But an increase in taxes cannot become effective in removing surplus purchasing power until next year. Meanwhile, the volume of consumer credit—which is also effective purchasing power—has increased by $600,000,000 in the past six months, to an all-time peak of $9,800,000,000. The major part of this credit is used to purchase automobiles, electric refrigerators, radios, and other durable goods, the production of which must be cut down during the emergency. It is estimated that this consumer credit can be reduced by as much as $1,000,000,000 within two months, or $3,000,000,000 within a year, without inflicting undue hardship on anyone. A curtailment of a billion dollars in purchasing power may seem small in comparison with the billions of dollars being pumped into circulation by defense spending, but it may make the difference between an orderly rise in prices and a runaway inflation.

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NEW YORK CITY IS MOVING UP TO THE starting line of what may be the most exciting and significant mayoralty race in its history. For one thing, the entire nation will regard the outcome as a measure of popular support for the President's foreign policy, for few persons are more closely identified with that policy than Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia. For this reason New York's powerful isolationist elements will actively oppose the Mayor regardless of what William O'Dwyer, his Democratic opponent, will have to say about aid to England or anything else. The issue will also diminish the number of LaGuardia's Italian supporters and cut down his vote among Republicans of the Hoover-Landon stripe, whose prejudice against him derives in part from his support of Roosevelt last year. These factors imperil LaGuardia's position, but perhaps more important is the fact that eight years of reform government have dulled most New Yorkers' indignation over Tammany corruption. Democratic leaders have shrewdly removed the District Attorney's office from the race by naming Frank

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Hogan, one of Dewey's chief assistants, as their candidate. They have also named an ultra-respectable ticket, against which it will be difficult to bring charges of dishonesty or evil intent. Whether LaGuardia's popularity will be able to overcome these adverse influences remains to be seen.

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THE INCLUSION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE waterway in the omnibus Rivers and Harbors bill was shrewd Administration strategy, for Congressmen will now be unable to vote against the project without also voting against local improvements wanted in their own districts. It is a melancholy commentary on the vast power wielded within a democratic government by the electric-power and aluminum trusts that petty maneuvers of this kind are necessary to free the mighty resources of the St. Lawrence for the defense and development of this country. It is not safe to assume that inclusion in the Rivers and Harbors bill will be sufficient to force passage. Reinforcing the continual and long-standing opposition of the Aluminum Company of America and its interlocked Niagara-Hudson Power combine is now a whole group of special interests—the railroads, the railroad brotherhoods, the Ports of New York and other East Coast cities, even some dog-in-the-manger port interests on the Lakes, and John L. Lewis and the United Mine Workers. Though the TVA should have taught the most short-sighted conservative the value of long-range planning and development of power for defense, the lesson seems to be overshadowed by real or imaginary dangers to private financial interests. We are ashamed to see the brotherhoods and the miners in such company.

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LEWIS'S OPPOSITION TO THE ST. LAWRENCE project represents a continuation of his pre-election alliance with the Republican Party and the great industrial and financial interests of the Northeast which are its chief support. We do not know how long it will be before his labor followers begin to wake up to Lewis's present connections, but the manifesto he signed last week with Landon and Hoover should prove an eye-opener for the Communists and fellow-travelers who have been the most loyal section of the Lewis bloc. The *Daily Worker* gulped hard to find its idol among the signatories of a statement which said, "Recent events raise doubts that this war is a clear-cut issue of liberty and democracy. It is not purely a world conflict between tyranny and freedom. The Anglo-Russian alliance has dissipated that illusion." The *Daily Worker* the next day termed the statement "a program of surrender to Hitlerism," but it was still hoping that Lewis would assure the Communists that "it wasn't true." Since obviously it is true, the Communists will be forced to adopt another new line—an anti-Lewis line. The consequences of this necessity are discussed by Rose Stein on another page. Our own prediction is that the role of the Communists in the trade unions is destined to shrink now that they have lost the support of Lewis and failed to establish friendly relations with the pro-defense forces.

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WE SHALL SOON BE HEARING THAT DEFENSE requires amendment of the securities laws, in order, no doubt, that Wall Street may help check inflationary tendencies by fleecing investors of dangerous excess purchasing power. The recommendations presented to Congress by the SEC and a committee representing the financial "industry" will precipitate a major fight to render the securities laws as innocuous as possible. The year-long conferences between the SEC and representatives of Wall Street succeeded in sidetracking last year's Brown bill, which would have wrecked securities regulation. The Administration would have been better advised to fight the Brown bill, which could have been defeated, than to engage in conferences which now throw the Securities and Securities Exchange acts open to alteration on the floor of Congress. The best of changes can hardly strengthen the acts enough to counterbalance the risk of enacting at least part of Wall Street's program. The SEC has already agreed to amendments which would "simplify" registration statements and ease certain credit restrictions whose purpose was to avoid indirect rigging of markets. The "industry's" recommendations go much farther and would undo much of the New Deal's reform in this field.

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NO RURITANIAN PRINCIPALITY WAS EVER beset with politics more devious than the interminable struggle for power in the United Automobile Workers of America. For months past it has been supposed that the union's Buffalo convention would be the scene of a great battle over Communist influence in the U. A. W. A battle of no mean proportions is under way as we go to press, but the Communists seem to be little more than hesitant non-belligerents. The real fight, it would appear, is between those who favor the kind of leadership offered by John L. Lewis and those who prefer the Philip Murray brand, which in effect makes the U. A. W. convention a prelude to the next convention of the C. I. O. The Lewis group is led by Richard Frankensteen, until recently a Murray partisan, and George Addes, secretary-treasurer; the Murray forces are led by the Reuther brothers. In between, though not united, stand R. J. Thomas and the Communists. When Thomas opened the convention he made a speech that drew the applause of interventionists one moment, isolationists the next. Before the convention he agreed to take part in a British-American broadcast with Herbert Morrison; at the last moment he felt the pressure of the Lewis group, and the broadcast

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never took place. The Communists likewise are torn between their old affection for Lewis and their new-found detestation for Lewis's views on world affairs, with the fantastic result that they are behaving like little gentlemen toward everyone. What all this will mean to the U. A. W. is difficult to foresee, but competent observers believe that the long-run odds favor the intelligent leadership of Walter and Victor Reuther.

The Struggle Ahead

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE sky has been black this past week with omens and rumors. Nothing new has happened but many happenings portend. Whether Roosevelt and Churchill met or did not meet, the supposed subjects of their alleged talks covered a range of imminent possibilities in which lie the hopes and fears of our whole civilization. At Vichy secret conclaves have been elaborating new formulas designed to conceal the ugly fact of further surrender in the phraseology of pride and national independence. Berlin has thrown out a smoke screen of claims dense enough to cover the whole eastern front; but through it a bloody stalemate is obscurely visible. In the Far East signs of a new war multiply, and Britain and the United States have revealed at last a fairly solid purpose to collaborate in resisting Japanese plans.

The shape of conflicts to come begins to emerge. From every corner of Europe we hear word of growing rebellion against Nazi tyranny. The German attack on Russia blew open a Continental hornets' nest. Yugoslavia is in active revolt; sabotage and individual reprisals have developed into general guerrilla warfare. Norwegian resistance has forced the German occupation to a state of constant alert, with the possibility of a British landing in the offing. Franco, who purchased "on time" the help of his fascist collaborators, soon will be called upon to pay the last instalment. Europe as a whole will be a battlefield on which civil wars and wars between states will be in simultaneous progress. The East will be locked in conflict from Siberia to Australia.

Does anyone still imagine that the Western Hemisphere as a whole will be able to remain aloof, or that the United States can continue to wade through the shallow waters along the edge of this all-engulfing struggle?

Every day brings more news of Axis plots in Latin America, of spy rings exposed, of military formations broken up, of agents caught and expelled. What we don't hear of are the activities that go undetected; but invasion by penetration is a Nazi technique perfected through long years of careful practice, and the experience of Europe warns us that half-hearted or belated efforts to resist are doomed to failure.

Today the problem of the United States is not how to help Britain as much as possible without getting into the war. It is not how to keep the war as far as possible from our own shores. The United States has only one thing to decide—where and how and when it can intervene with the greatest possible effect.

That is no simple problem, even though, once it is recognized, it disposes of a host of lesser ones. The most ominous fact to record is the failure of large sections of our government apparatus to recognize even the existence of the problem. In the State Department and in many of the administrative agencies as well are men who ignore warnings and refuse the tasks that need to be done. Congress is a Wonderland populated by mythical creatures and innocent Alices who debate endlessly such nonsensical issues as: Shall we or shall we not keep our army intact? Shall we or shall we not send help to Russia? These people are not a majority—every test vote has proved that—but they have enough strength to force the whole legislative machine to concern itself with the questions they pose. It is as if a factory which could turn out airplane parts decided that it would prefer to use its machinery for making children's toys or mouse-traps. Congress talks about irrelevancies, and then, because sane men form the majority, it puts through most of the urgent measures laid before it. But in the process time is lost. And time has so far been Hitler's best ally, because its loss is irremediable.

That this situation bears an ugly resemblance to the state of affairs in England during Chamberlain's regime and in France until its bitter end, anyone can see. Slowness, lack of imagination, political maneuvering in the legislature, bureaucratic reaction in the administrative offices—these were among the chief ingredients of democratic failure in Europe before and in the first months of the war. They are everywhere apparent in Washington today. The President cannot wipe them out by fiat. He has attempted to circumvent them by executive action, but only to a limited degree is that method either possible or desirable. The best hope lies in a combination of several lines of attack. First, the President should go just as far as his mandate under the emergency proclamation permits. Second, he should where possible oust officials who impede the announced purposes of the government. (But the sorry fact is that the President seldom can bring himself to the unpleasant task of ousting the inefficient or even the downright scamps.) Third, where he lacks the authority to dismiss, he should shift obstructionists and reactionaries from positions of power to harmless sinecures. And, fourth, he should bring into office far more men and women of genuinely democratic persuasion and, among them, more labor leaders.

In relation to Congress, the President can only do again and again what he did when he asked for the extension of military service: explain the urgency of the situa-

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tion, demand the necessary legislation, and lay upon the members of both houses full responsibility for the results of a refusal to act. And he can appeal to the people to back his policy and his demands. Isolationists and defeatists notwithstanding, the President has the support of the people. If the United States is to play any effective role in the events that lie immediately ahead, he will have to rally that support and use it to the utmost.

Taxes and Inflation

AFTER months of delay the tax bill is finally out of the House and before the Senate. As a result of a last-minute deletion by the House of the provision requiring joint returns by husbands and wives, the bill falls short of providing even the $3,500,000,000 originally asked by the Treasury. Inasmuch as defense appropriations have been increased by more than $2,000,000,000 since this request was made, the bill will fall at least $8,000,000,000 short of putting the defense program on the pay-as-you-go basis recommended by many economists.

The situation is far more dangerous than is generally realized. Under present conditions an $8,000,000,000 deficit would unloose an irresistible inflationary tide. It would create a vast new reservoir of purchasing power at a time when the production of consumers' goods faces drastic curtailment. The scramble for such goods as are available would boost prices despite the best efforts at price control. The retirement of the bulk of the new purchasing power created by the defense program through taxation offers the only real safeguard against a runaway inflation. To achieve this the Senate must give serious consideration to the additional tax increases proposed by Secretary Morgenthau last week.

Restoration of the requirement of joint returns by husbands and wives is desirable as a matter of fairness and to prevent evasion, but is unlikely in view of the House's action. If this provision is not reinstated, the surtax rate should be raised to replace the lost revenue. But the Senate should not stop there. It should seek to provide new revenues to cover at least half of the additional appropriations made since the Treasury presented its original estimates. This would necessitate another billion dollars. A considerable part of this could be raised if the Senate Finance Committee carries out its present intention of placing a sizable tax on the life-insurance companies. Although these companies have an income which, until recently, has been nearly as large as that of the federal government, they have been virtually tax free.

In the emergency the Senate should not hesitate to adopt the Treasury's recommendation for a lowering of personal income-tax exemptions. In the past *The Nation* has consistently opposed such a step on the ground that the tax on the middle and upper income brackets was relatively low from the standpoint of sound tax policy. The increases provided in the House bill partly overcome this weakness in our tax structure. As a matter of practical politics, the issue now is not between a reduction in the exemption and a further increase in the surtax. It is between a lowering of the exemption and additional consumption taxes, or no taxes at all. Facing these alternatives, no conscientious citizen should hesitate to urge a lowering of exemptions.

Much nonsense has been written about lower exemptions as a tax upon the poor man. This is far from being the case. Secretary Morgenthau urged that the exemption for married couples be lowered to $1,500. Since the earned-income and children allowances would be retained, this means that a typical family of four with an income of $2,500 would pay little or no tax. Families with incomes above $2,500 are not "poor." Seven-eighths of America's families had incomes of less than this amount in 1936. It must be remembered, moreover, that the families who would be forced to pay an income tax for the first time through a lowering of exemptions would be paying a tax on a very small fraction of their income. The real burden of reduced exemptions would fall, as it should, on the well-to-do, who would be forced into higher surtax brackets. Lowering of the exemptions does not involve a repudiation of the principle of capacity to pay as a basis of our tax system. On the contrary, it would mean that a larger proportion of our tax revenue would be collected on that principle, and would reduce the danger of additional regressive taxation.

The developments of the past week have made it clear that the threat of inflation does not spring solely from inadequate tax legislation. In the price-control bill introduced into Congress at the behest of Leon Henderson, a last-minute provision was inserted forbidding a price ceiling on farm products below 110 per cent of the parity price. Farm groups in Congress are reported to be endeavoring to raise this ceiling to 120 per cent of parity and to lay a floor as well for farm prices. Such provisions violate the basic principle of sound price control. It is folly to talk of stabilizing prices—and checking inflation—if the prices of such essentials as food and cotton are allowed to rise disproportionately. Parity on the 1909-14 base is difficult to defend from the standpoint of equity. There is no defense for asking prices above parity.

No one will deny that farmers suffered heavily during the depression. Nor should anyone begrudge them the rise in income that they have gained as a result of the defense effort. But farmers must recognize that they stand to lose as much as any other group from uncontrolled inflation. And for considerations of self-interest, as well as for patriotic reasons, they should limit their demands to a proportionate share of the prosperity arising from the defense effort

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Britain on Vacation

BY LOUIS FISCHER

London, August 10, by Cable

DURING the past week I have had off-the-record interviews with one Conservative minister and three Labor ministers, and talked to people in all walks of life. The temper of the general public, not shared by responsible officials, is optimism bordering on complacency. Russia's fine resistance, weeks without even mild air raids, and the R. A. F.'s increasingly heavy blows at German industrial centers have afforded a much-wanted opportunity for relaxation after fourteen months of unbroken and terrific national strain. They have also induced a spirit of business as usual and vacations as usual, which is natural in the circumstances but not altogether desirable. Any American, however, who criticizes this excessively easy-going manner is reminded that America is still sitting on its fat haunches. If you reply that England behaved much worse about Spain, the answer is, "Do you want to be punished as we were for non-intervention?"

Obviously the British are eager for the United States to go to war. They are grateful for our munitions. They don't need American man-power in the battles that England is now conducting or in those that it is likely to conduct in the near future. But they need America to achieve victory and enable the world to return to a creative peace. This reflects a wish; it isn't an early expectation. Japan's action might of course upset this calculation.

Despite the prolongation of the war and the merciless punishment of civilians in blitzes, I haven't encountered any hatred of the Germans. British leaders reiterate untiringly that they will never negotiate with the Nazis. The most popular thing the government can do is to bomb Berlin. When Eden stated in the Commons this week that measures must be taken after the war which would prevent Germany from catapulting Europe into war a seventh time, he was lustily applauded; but he also won approval when he spoke against any post-war effort to starve Germany or cripple it economically. For every time an official says "Hun," thousands of Britishers, and even airmen, say "Jerry," which suggests affection. In the East End shelters I visited one night, the occupants abused "him" but they sympathized with the countless Germans whom "he" has likewise forced to resort to these depressing underground refuges. When I probe more deeply and seek to evoke expressions of opinion on peace terms, British acquaintances say the treaty shouldn't be vindictive. In fact, several political commentators incline to the view that the peace conference and peace treaty must be postponed until economic reconstruction is begun, war wounds are healed, and new democratic elements have emerged and coalesced in the European dictator states. Official peace terms have been drafted and pigeonholed, but all political parties recently have appointed committees to deliberate upon post-war schemes of international organization, territorial adjustment, and industrial rehabilitation.

A solution of Europe's social problems is not usually included in these political plans, nor is far-reaching social change within England during the war regarded as required or feasible in a preliminary progressive peace settlement. Even labor doesn't believe vast domestic reforms possible while the country is fighting for its life.

After lengthy conversations with labor leaders, labor intellectuals, and labor critics of the Labor Party's policy I think I can with caution outline the attitude of labor today. Labor rejects the suggestion that it is being used by the Tories. If anything, I would say the reverse is true, for while certain capitalist interests might have tried to accommodate themselves to fascism, organized labor never could have. In fighting the war against Hitlerism to the finish, the capitalist parties are thus waging a battle for the perpetuation of free labor. Labor is struggling to save the country—a country where it has achieved many rights and much power. England could not have conducted this war without the cooperation of labor; neither could the war have been waged by labor alone. "You cannot make revolution and simultaneously fight a war," a labor official said to me yesterday. Moreover, the public would strongly resent any attempt by labor to exploit the post-Dunkirk or other crises to aggrandize its own might. Laborites argue that the ten-shilling-in-a-pound income tax and the 100 per cent excess-profits tax curb the capitalist class. Many factories and shipyards are now owned and operated by the state, and it is conceivable that the four big railroads will soon be unified as a first step toward nationalization. In legislation, reforms which at least temporarily shift the balance of power to the disadvantage of private enterprise have encountered more resistance from big business than from the old ruling caste of aristocrats, traditional imperialists, and public servants. It is the distinction between Chamberlain and Churchill. The alliance between Churchill and the Labor Party is real, and labor doesn't fear any betrayal by him after the war.

Some labor leaders hope the present or a similar coalition will last through the early phase of reconstruction.

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Nobody anticipates a khaki election in which the Conservatives will try to cash in on the victory immediately after the war. In the first place, that victory will have been won by a team in which Laborites have played a conspicuous part. Moreover, the confusion resulting from civilian evacuations and bombings will require a new electoral registration or perhaps redistricting, and during the months when this is being done the armistice frenzy will cool down to sober thought on the difficult tasks ahead. Labor believes, finally, that it is making converts in the white-collar and middle classes, which never trusted its patriotism and were never convinced of its abilities. Laski tells me he met strong Labor sentiment in R. A. F. squadrons among fellows who had never been politically awake. Labor is too conscious of its patriotic duty to tip over the apple cart now and too pleased with its prospects as a party to be worried or feverishly active. These are not my opinions. I am reporting.

Labor is as defensive in its politics as the government is in its military strategy. The country is still looking backward to blitzes which stunned it and still is startled by the miracle thanks to which it escaped invasion. England took it, but that wasn't a joke; and the nation was undoubtedly a hair's breadth removed from disaster.

Nobody, therefore, can begrudge the British their present rosy mood. My friends follow the Russian war news with hope and trepidation. I still refuse to make predictions on the probable duration of the Russo-German conflict, for I don't know the price in motorized troops and equipment which the Soviets are paying to hold their present line, and it is this price which will determine the ultimate outcome. I understand the Nazis reckoned it would take a year to subjugate the Soviet Union. Whether Hitler will turn on England before that time after having merely crippled Russia remains to be seen. The possibility enters into British calculations.

The Russians are running short of fighter planes and are clamoring for them, and they are also perturbed by the appreciable reinforcement of Japanese military strength on the Siberian frontier. I think Turkey, too, will bear watching if panzer divisions can move southeast from the Ukraine. Nazi Field Marshal List has gone from the Russian front to Bulgaria. He is too important to be shifted merely to watch Yugoslav guerrillas. It is always safer to assume that Hitler has a bloody card and a knife up his sleeve.

Midsummer Flashes

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, August 10

ALTHOUGH the amount of oil and other war materials being exported is now carefully concealed in order to avoid public criticism of lingering appeasement policies, an official inadvertently revealed in conversation that the latest confidential weekly reports showed 80,000 barrels of oil going to Spain. Imports at this rate are above Spain's domestic consumption. I suppose we are sending oil to Franco to keep him from seizing South America. Our Latin American friends are no doubt impressed by the Christian kindness with which we requite the Spanish straw man's persistent anti-American propaganda to the south of us. If Spain's bull fights were run in the style of our State Department, the toreador would approach the bull with a basket of flowers and a curtsey.

Behind the Presidential proclamation issued from the State Department today "suspending the international load-lines convention in ports and waters of the United States and in so far as the United States of America is concerned" was the swish and flounce of a terrific battle waged by Assistant Secretary of State Breckinridge Long and his hearties. Recently we increased tanker load lines by 3 per cent in the coastal trade to help meet the shortage of tanker space. The *enfants terribles* gathered together by Harry Hopkins in his Lease-Lend Administration wanted to know why we couldn't raise the load line on tankers carrying oil to Britain and to Latin America. Mr. Long and Mr. Hackworth, counsel of the State Department, objected violently that this would be a violation of international law. It seems that on July 5, 1930, an international convention was signed at London regulating the load line on tankers and other vessels as a safety-at-sea measure. It went into effect on January 1, 1933, just twenty-nine days before a well-known friend of international law became Chancellor of the Reich. Mr. Long may have feared that if we disregarded international law and put more oil in tankers for Britain than is permissible under the London treaty, we would set Hitler a bad example. The Long-Hackworth forces were finally defeated by a double flanking movement in the classic German military manner. Secretary Ickes, who likes nothing better than a grilled diplomat for breakfast, obtained a long and learned opinion from Acting Attorney General Biddle informing the State Department that there was a war on. On the other side of the White House, panzer divisions led by Dean Acheson are reliably reported to have advanced far beyond Mr. Long's office and captured Sumner Welles, who seems

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to have opened his gates to the invaders. Such are the mighty controversies which shake our State Department in a world at war.

Democratic dummkopfism isn't limited to diplomacy. The brass hats who court-martialed Mitchell and awoke to the value of the American-invented dive bomber only after the Nazis felled France are still operating. One of the biggest scandals of American rearmament some day will be the refusal of army chiefs and manufacturers to produce England's crack new plane engine, the Saber, which develops 2,200 to 2,400 horse-power, as compared with the 1,250 horse-power of the General Motors Allison. Beaverbrook sent over the blueprints last Christmas, but more than six months of argument and pleading by the British were of no avail. The best they could get was a promise to manufacture 200 of these engines. American bombers are the world's best, but American fighter planes are not fast enough. The British aren't talking about the Saber, but it wouldn't break Beaverbrook's heart if a Congressional committee dug up the full story.

Leon Henderson's OPACS fears appointment of a kind of Minister of Supply who will have authority over both OPACS and Stettinius's Priorities Division of OPM but will still be under Knudsen. This would be a clever maneuver, leaving the big-business crowd in control of the vital question of allocation of materials. One of the mysteries of the defense program, viewed from the outside, is why mandatory priorities have only now been imposed on steel. The system of "preference ratings" left steel manufacturers free to take care of the automobile business while defense orders waited; pro-business Under Secretary of War Patterson took this meekly, but Secretary of the Navy Knox was fighting mad. Knudsen opposed mandatory priorities on steel, for they would have made the past-season automobile boom impossible; and with the chairman of the board of United States Steel in charge of priorities, priorities on steel were conveniently delayed. Another long overdue change will come in defense when control of subcontracting is taken away from John D. Biggers, OPM Director of Production, whose policies have served to discourage spreading of orders to small business men. The danger here is of a phony shake-up, with some other big-business stooge in charge.

As great a danger is use of the newly passed "property-seizure" bill not to draft recalcitrant big businesses but to cripple little business further by taking machine tools from small towns and small shops. We need to spread orders, but men with the outlook of Patterson are more likely to use their new power in a way that will benefit the big companies. At a sub-Cabinet meeting, when it was proposed, with Knox's approval, to go ahead and break the aluminum bottleneck by building government-owned plants, Patterson objected that this was no time for "social reform."

I Saw Greece Looted

BY RALPH KENT

Aboard S. S. Excambion, August 5

BY TUESDAY, April 22, in Athens, we knew the game was up. Day by day the British line remained "unbroken" but day by day it withdrew, and by Tuesday the Army of Epirus had signed an armistice and the Germans were rumored to be just beyond Thermopylae. The British were getting off from whatever northern ports they could, but eventually the remnants of the rear guard must come down through Thebes to Athens. Going home from town that afternoon, I saw a new sign at the junction of the Kiphissia and Marathon roads: "To the beaches—1 and 2." It might as well have read, "Dunkirk—12 miles." That night the British legation got off in a borrowed yacht. In the morning we learned that the government had gone with it.

Would we have one, two, or three days to wait? Actually we had five—days of strained suspense, wild surmise, and practically continuous bombing of the Piraeus and the airfields. Most shops remained firmly shut. The few that opened had their shelves cleared within an hour. (A shirt cost $4; a pound of butter, if you could find it, a little more than $2.) A pervasive smell of burning paper hung over the city. All of us had reasons, we thought, for private bonfires.

On Saturday morning the first of the dusty British lorries began to pour in, and having begun, they seemed never to stop. They dripped with tin-hatted men, guns, and a great many things snatched up in a hurry. Their progress through the streets was oddly like a victory parade, for everyone cheered and "thumbed up," and the flower sellers took roses from their stalls and threw them into the trucks. To the eye, the Australians and New Zealanders seemed as happy as boys just let out of school.

All day long there were intermittent explosions as the demolition squads went their rounds. As darkness fell, barricades were thrown across the main roads. We were told they were put there only as a precautionary measure, in case the Germans arrived too soon.

When I went to bed there were machine-guns at fifty-

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foot intervals along the road outside my gate. The ditches at the side of the road were full of New Zealanders. Until three in the morning field guns, light tanks, and lorries went by. After that there was an unfamiliar and rather awesome silence.

TECHNIQUE OF PLUNDER

Just enough German motorcycle boys, armored cars, and tanks moved in on Sunday to make us feel that the occupation had begun. When the real march in came the next day, for some hours it was impossible to cross certain roads because they were clogged with every conceivable sort of mechanized vehicle. One's first impression of these was that they were shoddy and *Ersatz,* that they had been through a good bit of hell and had just managed to do it. But the drivers, the mechanics, the operators were anything but *Ersatz,* despite the fact that their uniforms were shabby, their faces dirty, and the look in their eyes that of drug addicts. In cold fact they frightened me. Strong faces these, intelligent faces, but inhuman, like characters in a Wellsian fantasy.

By Wednesday the occupation was virtually complete. Every house where the English had lived had been broken into. Every house that enjoyed a strategic position or struck the fancy of the army had been requisitioned. The owners might be left a servant's room or two, or they might be ordered out altogether. When houses otherwise suitable did not have furniture to the taste of the occupants, it was "borrowed" from other houses.

Restaurants printed menus in Greek and German. The distinction was interesting, for as those of us who were unfortunate enough to have to eat in them soon discovered, the German menu was for Aryans and the Greek for non-Aryans. If by lucky chance you were able to find a place to sit, it was only to watch the roasts, the ragouts, the hams, the chickens being laid before the conquerors while others had to content themselves with the crumbs. Each meal was an insult, alleviated only by the fact that sometimes you found surprising things wrapped up in your napkin.

Within a week we knew that the country was being systematically looted. The government announced drastic reductions in the allowances of foodstuffs, already severely rationed. Food shops closed their doors for want of anything to sell. Queues formed, blocks long, outside green grocers on the doubtful chance that after several hours of waiting a head of lettuce might be obtained. An astonishing number of sidewalk vendors found a ready market for strings of onions at one cent a bulb. Out in the country one met whole families gathering grass.

There were, of course, subtler techniques for plunder. In the village of Marathon, where some thousands of Germans were billeted, a telephone wire was cut. Since it was cut by night and no one in the village saw what happened, it could not be proved that it had *not* been cut by sixteen of the young men of the village, as the Germans claimed. The crime was enormous and the penalty imposed mercifully light: the young men were to stand in the village square for eight hours each day—the sun is hot in Greece—and the villagers were to provide within twenty-four hours ten thousand cucumbers, ten thousand tomatoes, and five hundred bushels of potatoes.

Small truck farmers found neat swastika flags placed at the four corners of their garden patches. Owners of livestock were ordered to turn over their flocks and herds. Chickens had a way of simply disappearing. When the potato crop matured, the system reached its perfection. Wherever a patch was large enough to warrant it, parties of forty or more Nazi soldiers set out for it on what was apparently a day's picnic. Singing continuously, half the company dug the potatoes while the other half peeled and sliced them. Then a field kitchen would appear to fry them in stolen fat and seal them in tin drums for shipment.

The looting was, of course, accompanied by daily blasts in the newspapers announcing the acute concern of the German authorities for the admittedly critical food shortage and their valiant efforts to cooperate with the Greek officials in meeting the situation. It was met by successive orders from the Food Ministry rationing essential foodstuffs more and more drastically. If these orders had not been so tragic in their implications, they would have verged on the absurd. One wondered whether it was not a bit dangerous to tell a starving people that it might have twenty-five drams of sugar per person per month, fifty drams of rice, two and a half drams of coffee—if you saved up for five months, you would get a weak cup of coffee. Butter, oil, and vegetable fats were not rationed. They did not have to be. They did not exist in sufficient quantities ever to reach the open market. Milk could sometimes be obtained—at a price—for a baby under two or by an older person armed with a physician's certificate that he needed *extra* nourishment.

Bread, the *sine qua non* of the Greek diet, deserves a word to itself. Given his bread and his olives, the Greek can and does perform miracles, as the world has good reason to remember. But since a Greek can often afford little else, an *oke* loaf (2.8 pounds) is a daily necessity of life. He can tighten his belt almost indefinitely, but the limit has about been reached when his ration is reduced to a sixth of what it formerly was. The future is even more terrifying to consider. This spring's wheat crop was about half what it should have been. Half of that is known to have gone to the Germans. None of the 360,000 tons usually imported from Rumania or Russia can be brought in this year. Milked of every other essential of life, Greece faces the winter with but an eighth to a tenth of the bread that might see it through.

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SOLICITUDE FOR THE CONQUERED

The evening papers of Friday, May 2, bore the announcement that from 5 a.m. until noon of the next day no vehicles of any sort might circulate on the streets of Athens or its immediate environs. No one might appear on the streets during those hours or step on to terraces or balconies. Windows were to be closed. Presumably one could look out of them, but no one bothered. The Germans were to make their official entry, lay a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, and raise the swastika standard on the Acropolis.

That was a mean thing to do but not quite so mean as what followed. Sometime during the night of May 30 that same standard was taken down, torn to bits, and reputedly otherwise desecrated. The next morning we had our spanking. We had formerly been allowed to remain out until midnight. Now we must be in our homes by ten, a real hardship in a country where only the nights are cool and sitting in hot and airless blacked-out rooms is not a pleasure. Those caught out would be shot at sight—some were. At the same time the Stadt Kommandantur issued a remarkable pronouncement reminding us that public opinion still expressed open sympathy with the "righteously expelled English"; that the British maltreatment of German prisoners in direct contravention of all moral law was regarded in some circles with indifference and in others with satisfaction; that despite its strict prohibition open aid was given to British prisoners in the form of gifts of flowers, fruit, and cigarettes, this with the full knowledge of the Greek police and without their taking any measures to prevent it; that, finally, the German Military Command, which till then had done everything to show its good-will toward the Greek people, must now regretfully and quite against its wishes proceed to take whatever steps it deemed necessary to end the situation. In other words, the German Military Command was in something of a pet, as it had reason to be, since two days previously two Bulgarian transports laden with tanks and munitions had been blown up at the Piraeus.

Given that and the flag incident, the Germans considered themselves justified in being as nasty as they chose; they could now steal with a perfectly clear conscience. All private cars had already been "requisitioned" and in some cases were recognized under a heavy coat of camouflage, heading north. Gasoline, though known to be still plentiful, was available only to the military. Then people were told that the bicycles to which they were reduced must be registered with the police, and when they did this, the bicycles were taken away. (The following Sunday there were bicycle races between teams representing the German and Italian air forces.) Service of the public buses, already taxed to capacity, was reduced to about half, thus "releasing" some valuable tires.

Some day the Germans will exhibit a film showing the joyous way in which the Greeks received their liberators. (Perhaps it has already been shown—we heard it was intended for Spain.) The keynote of the film will be the solicitude of the conqueror for the conquered. Four "shots" were taken in the most badly shattered sections of the Piraeus, where the people, bombed out of their homes, camp on rubble heaps and await the release of death by starvation. An open truck heaped with potatoes was driven from one quarter to another. When it reached the central square of each, the police were told to line up the people for a free hand-out. The joy was naturally unbounded and highly filmable. Two minutes were allowed for each shot. About ten pounds of potatoes were distributed each time. Then the truck drove on, still generously heaped to the top.

ITALY GETS THE LEAVINGS

And now the Germans, having applied their vacuum cleaner until it sucked up no more than chaff, have turned the country over to the Italians "by right of conquest." It is one of the nastiest tricks they have yet played on the beam end of the Axis, and one suspects that the Italians know it. At least their *bersaglieri* parole the streets in groups of never less than three and as darkness falls reinforce their numbers. They would like to be friendly but are a little afraid to smile. It is said that eighty thousand men are considered necessary to keep Greece in order. That is a compliment, but a terrific drain on the larder.

The Italians have tried to step into the Germans' shoes but do not find them comfortable. In more cases than one they have discovered that when the Germans left a house they took the furniture with them—not only the chairs, beds, and tables but even the door handles, the locks, the keys. All the pretty cars have vanished; the more decrepit Fiats and Fords remain. All the animals that made the schnitzels and the ragouts are now German brain and brawn and will breed no more. The good white bread is a dark gray-brown.

Even Italy's one gesture of friendship for Greece tragically miscarried. For the Duce, when his forces formally took over the country, sent a thousand cases of milk to the rumored starving babies of Greece. Ten cases were distributed before the Germans "borrowed" the nine hundred and ninety. It is said that when the Greek Minister of Health went to thank the Italian plenipotentiary for the Duce's generous gesture there was a painful scene, since both men knew exactly what had happened. The Italian finally declared that the thing would never have occurred if he had not been in Rome when the milk arrived and that he had the solemn assurance of the Germans that within two months an equal amount of milk would be sent from Switzerland. The Greek replied that nothing should be done to overstrain the Duce's good-will. They understood each other.

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Spain's Hour Is Near

BY JUAN NEGRIN

[*On the occasion of the fifth anniversary of the outbreak of war in Spain, Dr. Juan Negrín, head of the last constitutional government of Spain, addressed Spanish Loyalists resident in London. The speech was his first public statement since the end of the Spanish war.*]

RELUCTANT, since the European war broke out, to make any pronouncement—which until now I would have considered untimely—I am grateful to the Spanish Loyalists living in London for offering me this appropriate opportunity to talk to you in an intimate and private gathering.

Among other reasons which have influenced me, I have refrained from speaking as a sacrifice to unity, and also in order to see whether a political truce might not contribute to an amnesty and to assuring the neutrality of Spain. But because base hatred and unconquerable fear ruled, and because the essential Spanish quality of magnanimity was lacking, and above all because the official rulers of Spain are not masters in their own house, which is controlled by the Gestapo and the Ovra, that amnesty which Spain itself needed as much as those who might have directly benefited by it has been denied us.

As for the neutrality of Spain, thwarted from the very day that Nazi Germany set foot on Polish territory, it has passed from non-belligerence to a deceitful co-belligerence which is the reverse face of Italo-German "non-intervention" in the Spanish war. And the moment is approaching—a moment which Hitler will indicate—when the mask must be thrown off.

Today, when we are gathered together to commemorate the fifth anniversary of the war, what do the date and its remembrance signify for us? Most certainly not a sedition plotted by foreigners in complicity with those who had broken their pledge of honor. It falls to others to celebrate such a memory, to those who instigated the rebellion against legality, the constitution, and the state, against Spain itself, to those who, in grim jest at the meaning of the words, have declared themselves the champions of a "national revolution."

No. What *we* celebrate today is the magnificent spectacle presented by the Spanish people in rising bravely, as one man, in defense of constitutional legality. It was that uprising of the people which saved the Republic in those moments when a betrayed government discovered that the state's apparatus of defense, undermined by conspiracy, had fallen to pieces in its hands.

Some day honor will have to be paid to those who, defying the danger of a situation which agents provocateurs could use for their own ends, armed the masses. And honor must also be paid to those who, when the inevitable crisis of confusion had been overcome, were able to render the people's ardor more effective by directing it into the paths of legality.

But what *was* the military rebellion, and what did it signify? It was the first episode in the present World War. We said as much five years ago. The meddling of German reactionaries in the internal affairs of Spain was intensified on the arrival of Nazism to power. That interference made it clear that Nazism had chosen Spain as the starting-point for its assault on Europe. Through the years we tirelessly sounded the alarm. We never ceased in our efforts to gain the attention of those who might have prevented the horrors of this war, together with the ruin of Spain. In spite of great disillusionment the Spanish people stood firm, with indomitable will fighting against fascism, in defense of Spanish independence.

The struggle has not ceased. In the mountains and fields of Spain, in village and city, in school and workshop, the Spanish people continue their resistance. In spite of treachery and deceit there has been no decisive interruption. Things will return to their courses—to the good fortune of Spain, even the good fortune of those who burn incense before the "New Order," a New Order in which even the role of tolerated clowns would barely be conceded to them.

Nothing will break the will of the Spanish people or make void the institutions they chose for themselves. Those who had the duty of preserving those institutions have not deserted their posts. We do not consider that our duties have ended. We do not consider that our mandate has expired.

The moment will come when Hitler will present his bill to those who have signed a blood pact with him. Against that moment all Spaniards must be prepared. And prepared means united. Enough of the divisions which have done so much harm to Spain, which brought first war, then defeat! Let those who, paradoxically, enjoy exile bear in mind that the dead and those comrades of ours in the prisons of Spain and France will neither understand nor forgive the mockery and the shame of squandering precious energies in back-room recriminations and personal knife-play. I know, indeed, that this has always happened to political emigrations; ours, perhaps, has been not quite the worst. But even so, since the present moment is grave, let us correct what must be corrected and root out the evil among us.

So grave is the moment that I sound the alarm for all

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Spaniards of whatever tendency, whether politically active or indifferent, of the right or the left, Monarchists or Republicans, Catholics or agnostics, rich or poor. I warn all the peoples and regions of Spain, from Créus to Cabo Palos, from Gata to Finisterre. If Hitler should triumph, Spain, like all other nations in Europe and throughout the world, will be subjected to the most abject of slaveries, without hope of redemption.

Our patriotic obligation and our individual pride compel us not merely to avoid favoring the apocalyptic beast of Nazism but to do everything which can inflict injury upon it. We who continue faithful to constitutional legality, we who believe that with the Republic Spain initiated its regeneration, that with the Republic Spain became Spain again, we who believe that our resistance has consecrated new hopes and promises with a baptism of blood and sorrow, let us make our contributions to the overthrow of the totalitarian monster, wherever we can.

Thousands of our compatriots, old combatants, already have a place of honor in the struggle. Thousands of Spaniards in America are preparing to join the struggle. I am sure of what I say. The bugle call which they were hopefully awaiting has sounded. The hour of action is at hand. Once more—into the battle for civilization and for Spain! For if this conflict does not end with victory over the spirit of evil, it would be better that a catastrophic conflagration should annihilate us all than that we should see ourselves, as miserable outcasts, subjected to the persecutions of Hitler's henchmen.

It will not be our lot to perish, but to triumph. The democracies of the entire world are with us. The leaders in this fight are worthy of their great task: the skilful and tenacious Chiang Kai-shek, who symbolizes a culture thousands of years old which has been able to assimilate the forms of a new civilization; Churchill, stubborn and clear-sighted statesman, who in saving the British people when catastrophe appeared inevitable saved Europe and the entire world—the man who, casting prejudices aside, has shown that the value of tradition lies in what it enshrines of enterprise and vitality; Roosevelt, sincere democrat, who has awakened his people to a danger that appeared remote and has shown that a wisely directed nation knows how to give an almost legendary example of disinterested greatness; Stalin, great friend of Spain, leader of a magnificent brother people for whose success in the epic struggle of these days we offer fervent prayers—Stalin, with whom all liberals and democrats, whatever their ideological differences, share the common hope of finding for mankind new ways of civilization and progress.

A better world will be the reward of so many sacrifices. Spain will find its place in a supra-national concert of nations. It has already won its place in battle, and it will deserve it even more because of the present heroic resistance of Spaniards to the persuasion of hunger and terror, and because of their unextinguishable faith in democratic ideals. Soon we shall recover from our wounds within a tolerant and fraternal regime, within a regime which will not desire to use greater rigor than may be necessary to effect the reconciliation of all, absolutely all, Spaniards.

That reconciliation will be neither abasement nor shameful collaboration, but, with the sacrifice of our passions, the profoundest tribute to those who have suffered and died. For all of them I have only this one word: brother!

Lewis and the Communists

BY ROSE M. STEIN

THE party liners are in trouble. The apparent ease with which the Communist line was changed on June 22 last was grossly deceptive. Many Communists and fellow-travelers, especially those who hold prominent positions in the labor movement, have been walking a tight rope since that fateful day, fearing to jump or to stand still, seeing danger in either course. It is a new experience for the faithful. Heretofore, flip-flops incident to a change in line were accomplished with utmost facility. The loss of some front-line fellow-travelers was held to be only a minor casualty, for they could invariably be replaced by a new crop of gullibles. The current situation is more complicated. And the chief factor in its complication is John L. Lewis.

It was pure luck that this problem did not arise before. During the united-front, collective-security days, when the comrades were good Democrats, Lewis too happened to be a Democrat and a Roosevelt supporter. By sheer coincidence Lewis broke with the President at approximately the same time as Stalin signed the pact with Hitler. The Communist shift to isolationism and away from the Administration, dictated by the Nazi pact, was most opportunely timed to flatter Lewis and to intrench further the party liners in the C. I. O. But the change called for by Hitler's invasion of the Soviet Union is less opportune. Lewis is not changing his foreign policy. No Kremlin somersault can shake his hatred for Roosevelt, and Lewis remains, therefore, a pacifist and isolationist.

He has made his position clear on three separate occasions: first, by his broad condemnation of the President,

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Sidney Hillman, and the National Defense Mediation Board at the C. I. O. legislative conference held in Washington on July 7; second, by his attack on the Administration's foreign policy when he testified, on July 28, before the House Committee on Rivers and Harbors in connection with the St. Lawrence Waterway project; and, finally, when he signed the statement against aid to the Soviet Union issued by fifteen Republicans on August 5. Kathryn Lewis is still an active member of the America First Committee, and it is rumored that she will go on a speaking tour for that group. This tie-up of hers undoubtedly has her father's approval.

The new Stalin line, as enunciated by official party utterances, is equally clear. It embraces, according to the *Daily Worker,* "unconditional support of all measures that have as their objective the military defeat of German fascism." This means complete support of the Roosevelt foreign policy. It means agitation a step or two ahead of the President for convoys and an A. E. F. It means also vitriolic condemnation of all non-interventionist forces.

Here, then, is an unmistakable parting of the ways. Neither Stalin nor Lewis tolerates divided loyalty. Liquidation is as handy a tool for one as for the other, save that the one uses lethal and the other non-lethal weapons. A number of Communists and fellow-travelers have established comfortable positions for themselves within the C. I. O. They cannot stay where they are without the support of John L. Lewis. There are powerful individuals and groups in the C. I. O. who have tolerated the left-wingers because they knew the "boss" wanted them to, but who have never relinquished their deeply rooted hatred of them. The first open break will be the opportunity they have been waiting for. This feeling is particularly strong among miners.

The Communists know this, and those whose position in the labor movement is jeopardized by the change in line may find it expedient to desert the party. But the party will not stand for such desertion if it can help it. Without the power and prestige it has built up through its henchmen in the trade unions it would be pitiably innocuous. Hence there has been a desperate search for a reconciling formula.

While the search is on, the watchword is not to do or say anything which might even remotely offend Mr. Lewis. Thus resolutions and editorials calling for aid to "the Soviet Union and the British people" take pains to explain that this demand represents no change in line. Joseph Curran of the Maritime Union and Harry Bridges of the Longshoremen, like the lady who doth protest too much, emphasize their uninterrupted aversion to fascism and aggression, evidenced by their known support of the Spanish Loyalists and of China. As proof they trot out three-year-old documents in which these views were aired. They pass over the interval since August 24, 1939, during which they found little in the Nazis' deeds to condemn and much in Stalin's aggression and friendship with Hitler to condone. Their ability to overlook what they do not want to see is illustrated in yet another way. Fellow-travelers in labor's ranks have discovered since June 22 that Hoover, Lindbergh, Wheeler, and Norman Thomas are so many Quislings. But they have kept quiet about the connection of the Lewis family with the America First Committee.

In its editorial of August 7 the *Daily Worker* said that it "remains to be seen" whether Mr. Lewis's name on the Republican statement represents "a final considered judgment." This was just whistling in the dark. The boys on the inside cherish no such hope, and in order to save their own necks some of those who formerly toed the party line have recently expressed views sharply at variance with the new C. P. position. The *Timber Worker* quotes O. M. Orton, president of the Woodworkers, as being "opposed to armed participation in any foreign war." Harry Bridges has allowed himself to be quoted as being opposed to an American expeditionary force as well as to the retention of drafted men. In somewhat milder terms the Maritime Workers' *Pilot* and the *Guild Reporter* have voiced the same view. Reid Robinson, president of the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers, reporting to his union's national convention, delivered a blistering attack on the Administration and the President, accusing them of seeking "to reduce labor to a state of fascist-like forced servitude." These are marked deviations from the straight and narrow path which the official Communist Party must find alarming, although so far it has taken care not to betray that alarm.

Instead, Communists both within and outside the C. I. O. kotow to Lewis as before. His pet aversions are denounced with gusto, and every effort is made to satisfy his appetite for flattery. Thus although the Roosevelt foreign policy is praised, the President himself is made a target of frequent attack; although the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' pro-war position is applauded, Sidney Hillman is denounced and declared deserving of Lewis's criticism because "the associate OPM director has surrendered again to reaction and business." Lewis has been widely credited with bringing about the defeat of the Connally and May bills, but according to my information the tactics pursued by Lewis and the Non-Partisan League only served to antagonize Congress. The defeat of those measures was actually the result of concerted pressure by all branches of the labor movement, pressure which reached a climax at a White House conference between Roosevelt and Philip Murray, in whose presence the President telephoned certain Congressional leaders and urged that the measure be voted down. The response was prompt and decisive, and was led by the very Congressmen whom John T. Jones, Lewis's Man Friday on Capitol Hill, in his report to the C. I. O. conference the day before, had accused of giving "unequivocal support" to

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pending compulsory-arbitration and anti-strike legislation.

Many of these moves and counter-moves have been as confusing and contradictory as something out of Moscow or the Reich, but a few facts stand out clearly. Faced with the choice between supporting Stalin or Lewis, those party liners who are powerfully intrenched in the C. I. O. will undoubtedly support Lewis. They can perform a double cross as easily as a somersault, but either course involves serious risks. The Communists and fellow-travelers know that Lewis will tolerate them only so long as he thinks they are of some use to him. How can they demonstrate their continued usefulness? A new political party inspired by them might give them just the role they want. Accordingly they have sent up several trial balloons in the form of resolutions, editorials, and platform utterances. But Lewis has been consistently silent on this subject of late. It is obvious even to the most casual observer that present conditions are not conducive to a new party. Lewis made one grave political error; he is not likely to plunge headlong into another, though he may decide to jump into the breach in the event of post-war dislocation and widespread discontent. For this eventuality he is nursing Labor's Non-Partisan League and is keeping Communist hatchet men in reserve. For the Communists this is a far-off and risky eventuality to stake their fate on. Yet they have no alternative if they want to hold on to their present positions, since to antagonize Lewis is to court immediate decapitation.

If they make this choice, will the Communist Party stand for it? If it will not, what can it do? There is a remote possibility that the Kremlin finds the American Communist Party at the present moment more of a liability than an asset. The government of the United States has adopted a policy of aid to the Soviet Union. This policy is in no way influenced by what the Communists in this country do or refrain from doing. Public opinion, on the other hand, may be antagonized by their rantings. The most ardent interventionists may be influenced to take the opposite view by Communist clamor for aid to Russia. If the Kremlin is aware of this, the American Communist Party may be left to its own devices. The threat of desertion by both Stalin and his supporters in the labor movement puts it in a position from which it must somehow extricate itself.

Its one hope is to get Lewis to reverse his stand on foreign policy and make up with the President, but this hope has no chance of realization. Lewis might swing over if war were actually declared, but hardly short of that. Insiders dare not even press for it, but they are enlisting the aid of outsiders to threaten Lewis subtly with isolation. A polite but firm effort to that end is being made by the *Daily Worker*. It is a safe bet that Lewis's well-known tenacity will resist these tactics.

Whatever the outcome, the Communists are for the present in a troublesome dilemma. The strength which they have derived from coordinated effort and centralized control is tottering. Their precarious tight-rope position cannot be maintained for long. If the Communists in the C. I. O. turn their backs on the party, the party may turn on them and unleash such a campaign of exposure and character assassination as it alone is capable of. If that happens, the position of Stalinists in the labor movement is bound to be weakened. Then honest men may get a chance, and real house-cleaning may follow.

In the Wind

WHEN THE AMERICAN ambulance drivers who recently returned here on the West Point were taken aboard the Nazi raider that sank the Zamzam, they learned that the German ship had been at sea for eighteen months and that the crew knew almost nothing about the war's progress. The Americans immediately began to prime the Nazis with tall tales about the war effort of the United States. America, they said, would have an army of 12,000,000 men ready to throw into the field by the end of 1941, and, moreover, tank traffic in New York City was already so heavy that all streets were marked "One way: for tanks only." The Nazis were plainly credulous—and worried.

ONE ZAMZAM SURVIVOR talked during his internment to a young Frenchman who feared that he might be drafted to fight with the Germans in Russia. "If I am," he said, "I shall be given a cartridge belt containing at least ten bullets. That will mean nine dead Germans and one dead Frenchman."

WASHINGTON CIRCLES do not believe that the death of William Rhodes Davis, who was involved in several oil deals with the German government, will put an end to the investigation of Davis's activities. Many others besides Davis, notably John L. Lewis and Vicente Lombardo Toledano, have been charged with complicity in the negotiations, and a Congressional committee may soon continue the job begun by the FBI.

ALUMINUM GATHERED in the recent pots-and-pans derby may never actually be used for defense purposes, according to *Uncensored,* the anti-war weekly news letter. Most of it is unsuitable for airplane parts and will be used chiefly to free aluminum that is now being held by consumer-goods industries. Therefore the pots and pans given by patriotic housewives may sooner or later come back to them—as pots and pans.

THIS TELEGRAM was sent by William Randolph Hearst to editors of his papers throughout the country on July 21: "The war news this morning was very uninterestingly told in some of our papers, the Odessa advance being paraded in headlines without clearly or fully relating it in text. The fighting of the Finns was not told conspicuously, although this is most interesting to Americans and most characteristic of this phase of the war."

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A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

The "Unity" of U. S. O.

MAYBE it was a naive expectation of the millennium, but the idea got around to me during the U. S. O. drive that the sects had suspended operation as sects for the emergency, and that all that the Protestants, the Catholics, and the Jews wanted was a chance in unity to serve the soldiers. I think a good many of the 4,999,999 other givers got the same idea. We can still hope it is so, but there are already signs around the camps of a persisting determination that the cash must serve the sects as well as the soldiers.

As in some other details of defense, the government itself has been slow in building the recreation centers in which some of us understood that Y. M. C. A. secretary, priest, rabbi, and Salvation Army officer would be concerned only with giving the soldiers the services and the welcome they need in a crowded town. Go look at the crowded towns now. The United Service Organizations are less in evidence as a united body than in their separate stands competing with one another for the soldiers and their souls. The Salvation Army has its special boom-town complement of drums beating by its special boom-town hall. The Catholics have their center by the bus station. The Y. M. C. A. is operating across the street. The Jewish center is open in the hall over the hardware store. The unity that was shown in raising cash does not seem so evident in the spending of it. There is, in some defense centers, little more competition among the honky-tonks that among the good-deed-doing organizations which so recently marched under one banner to do one job.

That job was not presented to America as a program to serve any church or organization but as an effort to serve the soldiers themselves. In the whole campaign, so far as I know, nobody stressed the necessity of any one faith or any one way. What was stressed was the need of soldiers for some decent meeting place, some companionship with nice girls, some comfort in the crowded towns, which were the more lonely for being the places to which men went for fun. That may still be clear on paper, but in the places where the soldiers gather it is increasingly apparent that the organizations sponsored by the three religions—and some within the same branch of Christianity—are at least as intent upon furthering their own brands of salvation as upon serving the soldiers.

The one funny thing about it is that the soldiers show a unity which some of the service organizations seem to have minimized. When the Catholics serve lemonade and present dancing partners, a good many of the military participants are only Catholics for the evening. They would be Mohammedans if they had to be to come to the party. Catholic boys are as ready on similar occasions to join either the Protestants or the Jews. What all of them are looking for is not the sect but good company and a good time—and they deserve them. Not many of them care which organization or which religion is giving them the fun and comfort the American people meant to give all the soldiers through the U. S. O. drive.

It is still early to judge the program; in comparison with the joints and the juke houses the whole business started late. Perhaps what looks now in some towns like a costly and damaging competition for souls or prestige among the supposedly united may be no more than a lingering of antagonisms which existed before unity was organized for the money-raising drive. Perhaps as the government builds the recreation centers, Catholics and Protestants and Jews in their separate organizations will agree that all they want is the happiness of the soldier and that sectarianism has no necessary part in providing it. They may remember the mistakes made in an earlier war by some of their organizations, mistakes which linger in American memory still. I hope so. But the unity of the United Service Organizations in the places for which the people raised the millions looks strained today.

Men who are responsible for the job of recreation in the camp towns are talking about it across America. Some of them even feel sometimes that the success of the various agencies is regarded by their staffs as more important than the service of the soldiers. I hope they are wrong. But I believe I am right in feeling that the American people gave little if any of the millions collected in the U. S. O. drive to the agencies united in it. The money was given to the soldiers, for their comfort, for their fun. The use of any of it to advance one agency or all of them, to serve one sect or all of them, would be a misappropriation of money. None of these organizations are so important as the job intrusted to them. It ought not to be intrusted to them another year unless they prove in this first one that they understand that the money was meant for the men and not for the organizations, united or not.

The boys have shown that they could take more brotherhood than they are getting. I think America and its good-doing organizations could, too.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Notes by the Way

MIKHAIL SHOLOKHOV is one of Stalin's favorites, and his books sell by the million in the Soviet Union. He is, we may assume, the representative novelist of the U. S. S. R. It may seem surprising therefore, at first thought, that "The Silent Don," made up of two volumes, "And Quietly Flows the Don" and "The Don Flows Home to the Sea" (Knopf, $6.50), is a rather old-fashioned historical novel. Sholokhov gives us, in 1,300 pages, a realistic and dramatic picture of life and death in the Don villages during six years of war, revolution, and civil war. It is far too long and sometimes moves at a snail's pace through military encounters and more military encounters; too many pages are devoted to descriptions of nature, vivid and moving though they often are. But the innumerable characters live and breathe, and the Don country becomes familiar territory. It is a tale of misfortunes multiplied, yet a broad and earthy humor and the hearty Cossack gaiety break continuously over the grim surface. At the end the Cossack, with his intense individualism, his passionate love of the land, and his primitive pride, stands revealed.

The principal character is Gregor Melekhov, who is torn between his strong Cossack nationalism (or should we say provincialism?) and a sympathy for the Reds not because he understands socialism but because the Reds, like his proud Cossack self, hate generals and Russian aristocrats and rich merchants. He joins them at first but later takes part in the Cossack rising, which is designed to defend the Cossack lands from all comers but soon becomes part of the attempt by the Whites and their foreign supporters to overthrow the Soviet regime. After the Cossack defeat, Gregor once more joins the Reds. But that is not the end. When he comes home at last, yearning to take up a peaceful non-political life with his sweetheart Aksinia and the children of his dead wife, he is confronted with the vindictive hatred of a boyhood companion who has become chairman of the village soviet and who is determined that Gregor shall be punished for his part in the Cossack rising. The fact that Gregor has meanwhile fought in the Red ranks does not settle old scores; the bitterness and cruelty engendered by years of civil war are too deeply imbedded for that. Faced with a trial and certain execution, Gregor becomes a member of a band of White guerrillas, though he knows what the end must be.

This is not exactly a happy Soviet ending, but it is convincing, and since it calls into play an insight into character deeper than the book as a whole requires, the last 200 pages seem to me the best of the 1,300.

As I said at the beginning, it may seem surprising at first thought that Sholokhov, who grew up with Bolshevism, should produce a rather conventional historical novel. Of late years the Stalinist regime has definitely discouraged "avant-gardism" in the arts; it has stifled intellectual development in general, and totalitarian censorship is so complete as to leave no scope for the artistic revolt that has often flourished at the edges of less efficient autocracy. But Soviet Russia could hardly have been expected in any case to produce a significant body of advanced art. It is in its present stage essentially a primitive, frontier country where simple literacy and cleaning one's teeth are put in the category of culture; its rulers, moreover, have rejected consciously and violently the Europeanized Russian culture which nourished the great writers before the revolution. The paintings in the Tretiakov Gallery in Moscow and those displayed in the Soviet pavilion at the World's Fair demonstrated that the "socialist realism" we have heard so much about is nothing more than simple representationalism, which Stalin, among other peasants, can understand. "The Silent Don" is another example, on a much higher level. As for the question which has so tortured reviewers, whether "The Silent Don" can be compared to "War and Peace," the simple answer is no. "War and Peace" was the work of a great moral personality, written out of a complex Russian and European background. "The Silent Don" is the book of a competent Russian story-teller writing for masses of people only beginning to taste the joys of literacy.

But if Sholokhov is no innovator, neither does he seem to have been affected by all the balderdash about "proletarian literature." Sections of his book, if it were not approved in Moscow, might well draw from Michael Gold one of his inimitable open letters beginning "Dear Mikhail" and reproaching Sholokhov for the unmistakable note of nostalgia in the opening chapters, which recreate the life of the Don Cossacks before 1914, and for his love of nature, which approaches counter-revolutionary mysticism.

ANOTHER VOLUME, "The Sculptures of Donatello," has recently been added to the magnificent Phaidon series published by Oxford University Press. It contains 150 excellent full-page plates in photogravure, and 200 additional smaller illustrations are scattered through the introduction and the exhaustive account of the whole of Donatello's creative work by Ludwig Goldscheider. The price is $3.50. The Phaidon books are still being doggedly published in London, and further volumes are on the way.

I AM delighted to report that Random House has issued a volume containing "The Complete Poetry and Selected Prose of John Donne and the Complete Poetry of William Blake," with an introduction by Robert Silliman Hillyer, at $3.50. . . . Simon and Schuster has issued a thick book of David Low's cartoons, "Low on the War: A Cartoon Commentary of the years 1939-41" ($2). Low has written his own introduction, which, like his drawings, is full of wit and insight. Item: "The success of Nazi propaganda makes it very evident that it takes less time to devolve an ape from a man than it does to evolve a man from an ape." You can also get this volume, in miniature, for 25 cents (Penguin Books).

MARGARET MARSHALL

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Architecture and Liberty

SPACE, TIME AND ARCHITECTURE: THE GROWTH OF A NEW TRADITION. By Sigfried Giedion. Harvard University Press. $5.

DESPITE its high-kiting title, this book contains a graphic, direct, well-illustrated, and absorbing narrative. It gives us the picture of building since the breakup by the Industrial Revolution of the last previous rounded, traditional unity, the late Baroque. Dr. Giedion is an active publicist for the Continental modernist group, and his immediate purpose is to supply the historical background, to trace the growth, of this "new tradition." He wants, like his compatriot and teacher, Woelfflin, to select only the typical affirmations of a period, those which stand out against what went before; also to draw significant parallels out of other fields. So the story shows the impact on architecture of the daring ironmasters, of the mercantile promoters of the vast nineteenth-century expositions, of the inventors of wood frames, cast-iron frames, posture seating, Murphy beds, passenger elevators, and other products of the new ingenuity; of artists making explorations, like scientists, in space and motion and often producing the very models of architectural form; of architects seeking for moral "truth" to heal the lesions between action and feeling.

The beauty of it is that the author's fresh narrative overflows his own immediate purpose. The material he uncovers, full of significant detail, is more valuable than the sententious parts of the build-up for his own most favored ideas and architects. For example, in all the talk about "space-time," and despite the fancy illustrations, time is just a big word for plain motion; whereas the force, sensitivity, and poetic fantasy revealed by an early nineteenth-century architect like Labrouste in his interior for the Bibliothèque Nationale, with its vaults in the reading-room like massed parachutes, and in the stacks its grilled iron screens and delicate floating bridges, is really quite amazing and perennially suggestive.

The rich content and graphic handling make this the best book that has yet appeared in English on the sources of the modern tradition in architecture. There is a tonic tone; the author does not dwell on the many, many things to be done before we reach an ultimate "solution" but exhibits vigorous spirits and what they have achieved in the thick of the battle. Because the issues are alive the book will stir many quarrels. The general effect of the evidence is to turn inside out the term "traditionalist" as currently used by pretenders in America; our "traditionalists" are mere dreamers content with the garment of continuity as if nothing had happened, whereas the genuine tradition is built up, always, by those who bring the real and stubborn forces into hand, seeking to humanize the actual world that their times are making.

In the main the author sees this humanization, for which he describes the pressing need so eloquently in his conclusion, achieved by aesthetic means in a world of technics and industry. The good job he has done immediately suggests several others remaining. For example, we need to study the way in which the new architectural tradition developed concurrently with a sudden vast expansion of human liberty. Just now the technical romance no longer seems so wholly exciting. But it was an expanding liberty in the midst of which the new architecture was born; on an expanding liberty it utterly depends; where liberty has been killed so has this architecture been killed; it was the sense of liberation underneath the glorified technics that the tradition really meant all the time to express; it is the feel of liberty that architects have to know how to make eloquent and familiar now.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

Organized Consumers

THE CONSUMER MOVEMENT. By Helen Sorenson. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

IN THE story of the 30's in the United States a conspicuous place must be left for the development of the consumer movement. No other country has anything that is quite parallel to it. Consumer cooperatives are stronger in a half-dozen or more countries than in the United States, but consumer pressure groups, consumer testing services, consumer groups maintained by business, and consumer educational agencies are typically American, and contemporary. Like many other typical American institutions, the consumer movement has developed seemingly infinite complexities. A bewildering number of agencies have grown up—some legitimate and powerful, others "captive" organizations set up by business groups to deceive consumers, a few out-and-out rackets, and quite a number which exist only on paper. Even persons active in the field are frequently confused by the multiplicity of agencies.

Miss Sorenson has written a history of and guide to the consumer movement. It is both comprehensive and accurate. It threads its way unerringly among the many organizations, distinguishing between the real and the sham and between the quick and the dead.

Perhaps the most interesting section of the book is composed of the two chapters which describe the reaction of business to the emerging movement. At first nearly all business groups either ignored the infant consumer organizations or were mildly hostile to them. Then, as the movement gained in strength, "captive" groups began to appear. Some of these, like the Women's National Institute, seem to have been set up to sell special products; others, like the National Foundation for Consumer Education, were organized for a specific objective, such as the fight against chain-store taxation. At the same time other business groups, led by the advertisers, launched a vigorous attack on the legitimate consumer agencies, denouncing them as "red" and enemies of the "American system." Much of the organized opposition to the use of the Rugg textbooks in the schools grew out of advertisers' objections to his criticism of their methods.

Gradually, however, the more enlightened business enterprises came to see the folly of alienating important groups of potential customers. It became apparent that firms marketing good products not only had nothing to fear from the consumer movement but might profit from its technique. As a result, relations in general have improved, and some business firms, such as Sears, Roebuck and R. H. Macy, are voluntarily providing informational and grade labeling as advocated by the consumer movement. Representatives from

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more than fifty retail trade groups sent representatives to the conference called last year by Miss Harriet Elliott, then consumer adviser on the National Defense Advisory Commission. Whether this new era of good feeling will in the long run prove as beneficial for the consumer movement as the stimulus of conflict remains to be seen. The book shows clearly that the most vigorous consumer organizations have been those born of conflict rather than of collaboration; and there is no reason to suppose this will cease to be true merely because a few firms have the intelligence to see on which side their bread is buttered. MAXWELL S. STEWART

We Want Fortinbras

HAMLET II. By Henry Miller and Michael Fraenkel. New York: Carrefour. $3.

BETTER begin about the hundredth page of this superior new instalment of the letters "on the subject of Hamlet" exchanged by those lyrical, fanciful moralists Michael Fraenkel and Henry Miller. The first quarter of the chunky white volume is relatively slack—and without his punch and fire Miller is hardly himself. More strenuous, engagingly imaginative, often brilliant, the later three hundred pages will divert you with the staging of a clash and concord of feelings—ageless and characteristic of the present—against the blackening world scene from 1936 to 1938.

The first of these feelings is determinism. Its representative is the distinguished and melancholy Fraenkel. The other, represented by the equally distinguished but rapturous Miller, is free will. Perhaps the conflict also embraces rationalism versus anti-intellectualism in the spirit of D. H. Lawrence; and even crabbed age versus youth. In any case, both spokesmen, who incidentally draw sharp-edged portraits of each other, agree that the collapse of worlds does not relieve the individual of the responsibility of self-development. Their emotionally stated differences merely concern the right and wrong of the processes. (All in all, the representation of the attitude of determinism is the more persuasive, mainly because of the fact that Fraenkel's choice of reading, reflected in his letters, seems to be influenced by his prevailing sentiment, while Miller's sentiments appear to take color from what he recently has read. But the latter's basic integrity is unquestionable.)

For Fraenkel the right process inevitably remains active negation, "the negation of the known, the active body of belief." Life is in a period of involution: thus, acceleration of the inward-curling of things appears the sole form of creativity now possible. Miller will not hear of inevitabilities: "we have the power to create life as we desire it . . . everything about us, our world, our behavior, the skies, the climate, the form of life, we ourselves are [such] a creation . . . all criticism, all reproach, should be directed against ourselves and ourselves only." "Problems . . . must be liquidated." As for the harmony between these opposing literary artists and their feelings, it flows from this amusing fact: their lively arguments equally involve the Hamlet-like assumption that the times are excessively out of joint. Indeed, both men are Hamlets, sickened by the imperfection of things, drawing their breaths—Fraenkel slightly more, Miller a trifle less acutely—in pain. Epicurus at Wittenberg has persuaded them that ages of dissolution regularly alternate with ages of birth; and Fraenkel differs from Miller mainly in attributing the current dissolution to the absolute, while Miller blames it on man—whereas "the election" ever "'lights on Fortinbras," who possesses a contrasting awareness of, and sympathy for, the ubiquity and duration of struggle and of life and death in this beautiful universe. PAUL ROSENFELD

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AMERICAN ISSUES. Edited by Willard Thorp, Merle Curti, and Carlos Baker. J. B. Lippincott Company. Two Volumes. $6.

This collection, intended primarily as a college textbook, diverges from and supplements the usual American-literature anthology by separating selections "whose bearing and interest are primarily social" from those "which can stand on their own merits as literature." Volume II, The Literary Record, necessarily parallels such excellent standard anthologies as those by Foerster and Hubbell, but Volume I assembles a rich and valuable assortment of semi-literary background material arranged according to the chief political and spiritual issues that have agitated the minds of thinking Americans, beginning with Increase Mather's stern warnings against the siren song of materialism and coming down to Professor George Counts's presidential address to the American Federation of Teachers in 1940, on the obligations of teachers to present-day democracy.

RECORDS

ADDITIONAL August orchestral releases from Victor offer several light works. One is Grieg's charming Holberg Suite, excellently played by Goehr with the London String Orchestra and excellently recorded (Set 792, $2.50)—though I must report a defective surface on the second side of my review copy. Another is Ippolitov-Ivanov's Caucasian Sketches, of which I like best "In a Mountain Pass," and which gets a brilliant and well recorded performance by Fiedler with the Boston "Pops" Orchestra (Set 797, $3.50) with the delightful Bridal Procession from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Coq d'or" on the last side of the set. Then Ravel's Bolero, well performed—except for some slurring on side 3 which may, on the other hand, be intentional—by Coppola with the Grand Orchestre Symphonique (Set 793, $2.50), but taken at a pace which is less effective than the faster one that Toscanini established in this country and that Ravel objected to when he heard Toscanini's performance.

To these Victor adds a serious work, Samuel Barber's Essay, superbly performed and recorded by Ormandy with the Philadelphia Orchestra (18062, $1), from which I get the same impression as from other works of this composer—that he can write any number of notes with the utmost ease, but has yet to find something worth saying with all those notes.

I prefer the performance of Brahms's two-piano version of his Variations on a theme of Haydn that Bartlett and Robertson recorded recently for Columbia to the fussy and sentimentalized performance now recorded by Luboshutz and Nemenov for Victor (Set 799, $2.50); but I prefer the orchestral version of this superb work to the two-piano version. And Mendelssohn's E minor Scherzo and Scriabin's D sharp minor Etude, as they are played by Brailovsky (18100, $1), I find quite unattractive.

Hugo Wolf's song of Mignon, "Kennst du das Land," one of his good ones, is sung by Thorborg with eloquence and beauty of voice, except for an occasional shrillness in a forced and constricted high note (18079, $1). The delightful art of Elsie Houston, with its delicate phrasing and little cries and glissandos, is to be heard in a volume of Brazilian songs (Set 798, $3.50)—mostly enjoyable folk-songs, and one composed piece, Ovalle's "Berimbau," which I find less interesting. Melchior sings some pleasant music—"Flyv, fugl, flyv" and a Serenade "Der var engang," in Danish—with a fine student chorus (18078, $1). And Norman Cordon's fine bass voice is heard in Saint-Saëns's "Danse macabre" and Strauss's "Traum durch die Dämmerung"—a coupling no stranger than the fact that the first song is sung in the original French and the second in an English translation (2165, $.75).

One of Victor's outstanding August releases, the Budapest Quartet's performance of Beethoven's Quartet Op. 18, No. 2, has not yet arrived; nor have I been able to find it to hear in a record store.

The few Columbia releases which have straggled in so far include Toch's expertly contrived but emotionally arid and—to me—quite uninteresting Quintet for piano and strings, well played by Toch himself with the Kaufman Quartet in a set (460, $4.50) that is not without its hissing and otherwise noisy surfaces. Reiner's superb performance of Johann Strauss's "Wiener Blut" Waltz with the Pittsburgh Symphony is well recorded (11579-D, $1) but hasn't the beauty of sound of the Ormandy-Philadelphia Orchestra performance on the recent Victor record; and the first side of my review copy has a swishing surface. And two recently unearthed entr'acte pieces that Mozart wrote for "Thamos, King of Egypt," as performed explosively by Mitropoulos with the Minneapolis Symphony (11578-D), reveal little to justify publication by Music Press and expensive recording by Columbia.

B. H. HAGGIN

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